TREASON

AGAINST THE

LADIES.

A

POEM.

DUBLIN:

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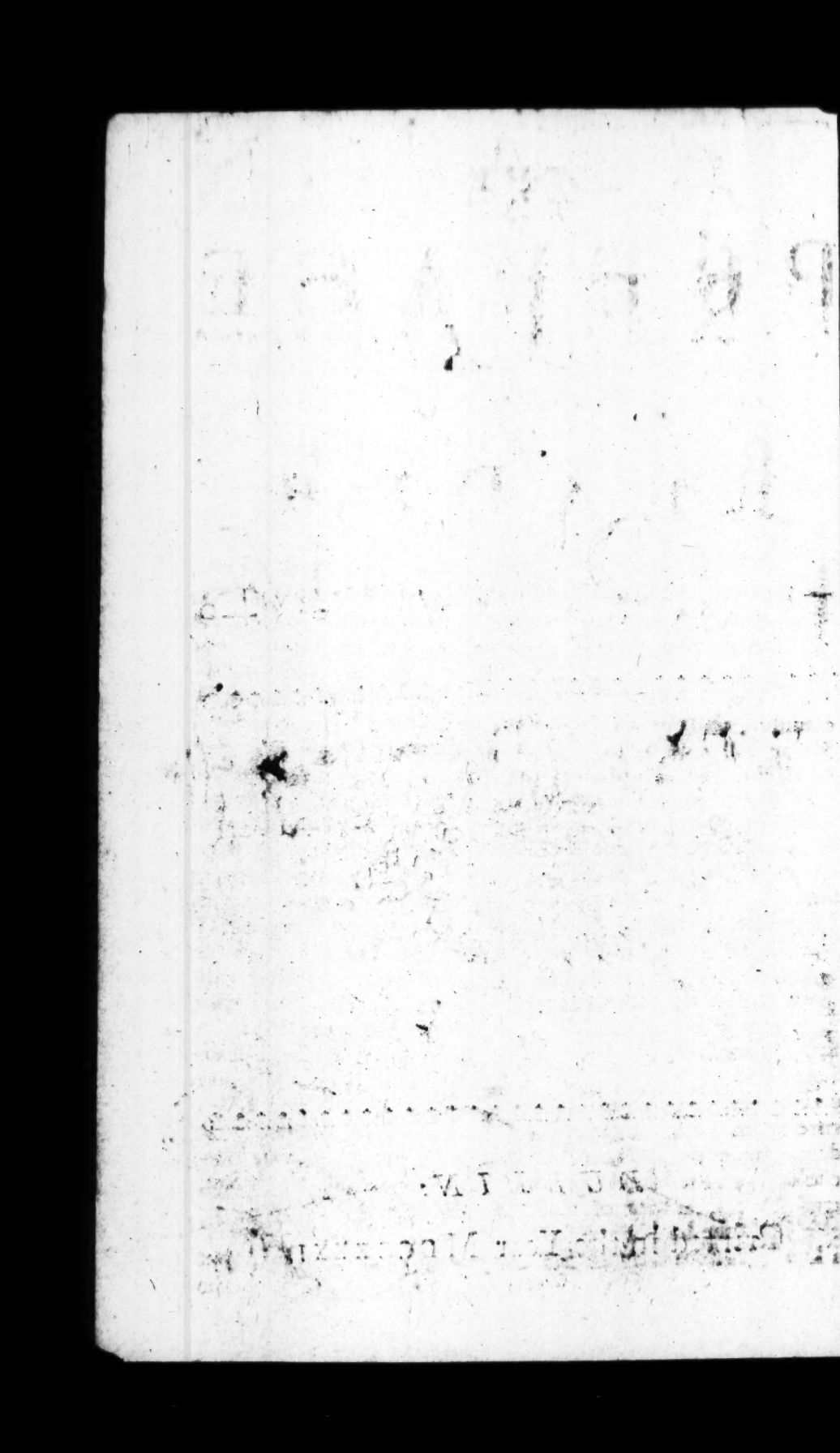

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

I DON'T in the leaſt doubt, but it will be thought neceſſary I ſhould ſay ſomething, by way of Apology, for having drawn my Pen againſt the Fair Sex, of either Kind. However, Gentle Reader, before you raſhly condemn me, with my Infant, to the Flames, I wou'd you to conſider, with your mental Eye, whether I have committed Sin againſt you in any wiſe? or whether I have not dealt candidly, and as a plain honeſt Man by you? Was it not from the Publick I borrow'd the Subject-Matter, and ſhould I not with Intereſt reſtore it intire and whole to the Owners, in a fuller and ampler Meaſure than when I had it from their generous Hands? But alas! how many Horrors ſtare up to my Sight? Image to thy ſelf, O candid Critick, how I quake for Fear, when methinks I ſee that Auguſt Aſſemblee of pale Vizard Tupees and ſuccinck'd pinch'd Napkin Beaux, who ſeem ſo jimp and neat, as if they were to be ſerv'd upon China Diſhes to the Ladies. But I ſtill more dread the angry Looks which will dart from the Eyes of the fair Angels, and their Tongues more than the ſharp Swords that dangle at the Side of Count or Beau. Since theſe latter will reach my Ears even in my airy and obſcure Retreat, from whence I view and hear them, ſecure from Fear; how will they, like ſevere Judges, condemn me without Benefit of Clergy? Some old ſtale Batchelor, ever teſty and peeviſh, who deſpiſes all their Sex, muſt be the Author of this filthy Stuff and Nonſenſe; or elſe it's done by ſome diſappointed ſplenatick Lover. Well I know, various will be the Conjectures and Cenſures about the

the Perſon of the Author. —— Each Tea-Table Junćto, where Self-ſufficient Folly ever reigns, will, with all her young Spawn, fall open-mouth'd upon him. Unhappy Wretch! how can he ſupport himſelf under ſuch a weighty Burthen of Sin, Foppery, Vanity, Garlick, and Ignorance? The Muſes from thenceforth will ſurely forſake him, nor will it be in his Power to ſeparate the Good from the Evil. —— Prithee liſten now to the Youngſters, who in Execrations on him, are in Danger of exhauſting Lord *R*—— profane Grammar. But it may be forgiven them, ſince it is the only laudable Thing they know: How much oblig'd are they to his Lordſhip, for helping them out at a dead Lift? He genteely ſupplies them, when lurch'd by their Senſes, which at any Seaſon are but the Shadow for the Subſtance, which paſſeth away like Wind. Ye Gods! how much do I envy theſe moving Worlds of Machinery, who never yet were burthen'd with one Moment's thinking, further than the adjuſting of a well-comb'd Perriwig? This will be (I ſuppoſe) ſtil'd by the Animals of either Species, a *Satyr*, while the Parent otherwiſe is at perfect Eaſe, and only intereſted in the Succeſs of his Child, and protecting the vertuous Few from any Diſturbance of Mind, which might ariſe from thence: And for the reſt, careleſs am I what they think or ſay, ſince thoſe who make the Applications are Authors of the Scandal, if any ſuch there be: I have for them a convenient Covering for their Heads call'd the *Fool's Cap*; let them take and wear it for their Pains, from the Hands of one, who is, pray Ladies, I ask your Pardon, with all due Deference and Reſpect,

Your moſt Conſtant Admirer,

A. B. C. D. T. W.

TREASON againſt the LADIES.

TELL me no more of purling Streams,
Or ſhady Groves, ſick Lover's Dreams,
Since I can paint each various Maid,
Who ſends poor Wretches to ſome Shade,
to whine, lament, and pine away,
In Solitude the tedious Day;
Nor can we blame the trifling FAIR,
We take the Bate, they draw the Snare;
Like *Iſra'lites*, we Idolize
The Image of our wand'ring Eyes;
Like them we ſuffer Years of Pain,
At beſt requited with Diſdain.
To View are ſummon'd all their Charms,
We fondly court them to our Arms.
Indulgent Fancy, Nurſe of Love,
Can well ſuch pleaſing Thoughts improve:
Ideas can in Abſence pleaſe,
And friendly cheriſh the Diſeaſe.
Unthinking of our certain Ruin,
While jilting *FLIRTS* work our Undoing;
For, Gameſter-like, they draw us in,
At firſt they loſe, the more to win;
Sure of their Cullies, and their Fools,
They re-aſſume their wanted Rules.
School'd in Deceit, and artful Lye,
They wound us with a doubtful Eye.
Where e're they go, we're drag'd along,
As Tunes accompany the Song;
Or as the Shade to Body ty'd,
Which nothing can from it divide,
They try their Art, uſurp the Reign,
Their greateſt Pleaſure's giving Pain,
And ſure of Conqueſt proudly Sway,
And tyranize becauſe they May.

Nor

Not like the *Amazonian* Race,
Who valu'd not a Baby-Face,
Nor piqu'd themſelves on Dreſs or Toys,
Nor waſted Time in conquering Boys.
Heroick Vertue fir'd each Soul,
Their Conduct, Reaſon did controul.
Intriguing Luſt ne'er ſcorch'd one Breaſt,
Their Paſſions all were lull'd to Reſt.
Unſully'd White, and pure as Ermine,
Not as our modern Swarms of Vermin,
Who idly ſaunter out their Days,
At Morning-Toilets, or Noon-Plays;
Like chattering Magpies, ſpew dull Nonſenſe,
Tho' Lady's Face can with it diſpenſe.
They liſten with ſuch great Attention,
And gape to every Word's Dimenſion,
A Complement, as *Tea* they ſwallow,
And think the flattering Fool, *Apollo*.
Next in their Turn, the Ladies prate,
And ſneering, tell of *Damon*'s Fate:
How——ſuch a one play'd him the flirt,
What matter it, did him no hurt:
I think ſhe ſerv'd him very right,
Since ſhe cou'd hope for nothing by't;
Beſides, he's grave and mighty wiſe,
And all ſuch Creatures I deſpiſe,
For they have neither Life nor Spirit,
Tho' all the Learn'd allow them Merit.
Here, ceas'd the *Belles*, and made a Pauſe,
A ſmiling Beau with great Applauſe,
Toſſes his Cane, could nothing ſay,
But Ladies——Did you like the Play?
Conſpicuous Folly, ever loud,
Affects the vain tumultuous Crow'd;
And ev'ry Humour ſtrives to hit,
With Garments ſuited to their Wit;
Her liberal Bounties ſhe beſtows,
Alike to Women and to Beaus;
Theſe Vot'ries, nor ungrateful pay,
Each Morn their Tribute for the Day;
Some thouſand Characters are ſtain'd,
As many Folks of Senſe diſdain'd.

When once their grateful Victim's pay'd,
And all her Dictates were obey'd,
The Fool, divine, with Nod ſupream,
Bids them of Pleaſures ever dream;
To You, my SONS, I freely give,
In Beauty's Sight to ever live;
I nurſ'd with Care their tender Years,
Thro' Doubts, thro' Jealouſies, and Fears,
Leſt Underſtanding fraudulent
Should give their Minds a wicked Bent;
From wanton Dance, and airy Song,
(Theſe Vertues to the Sex belong,)
I taught them every wily Art,
Of Prude, Coquet, and frothy Smart,
And Reaſon's Dictates to deſpiſe,
For Reaſon might confirm them wiſe;
Folly and Reaſon are at Strife,
As much as ever Man and Wife.
Folly her ſelf can recommend,
But Reaſon ſeldom gains a Friend.
When once ſhe's baniſh'd from our Breaſt,
Of golden Pleaſures we're poſſeſt;
My Siſter, Vice, with pleaſing Toy,
Can Vertue, with her Spell, deſtroy;
And into Love ſhe ſoftens Rage,
Demure can baffle every Sage:
Well may we boaſt of Race Divine,
Of Parentage, and Antient Line;
In every Senate, every Court,
We Laws to theſe,——to thoſe gave Sport;
The wiſeſt Nations own'd our Sway,
Athens and *Rome*, did us Obey;
Diſtinguiſh'd ſtill, held the firſt Place,
Unſham'd in Crowds to ſhew our Face;
For Impudence dwells ever there,
Call'd to our Aid, what might we fear?
And now in *Britain*'s Iſle and *France*,
We teach the Females true Romance;
The firſt with Art can well adorn
Their Husbands Heads with ſhining Horn;
The latter too, are more Polite,
Intriegue by Day, are chaſte by Night.

For Levity thro' every Vein,
Swift marches to aſcend the Brain;
Plac'd there in Pomp, it Rules the Mind,
Diſpoſes Women to be kind;
Sometimes it makes a Tour below,
Sweet Ladies——where you beſt——muſt know.
My modeſt Muſe forbears to trace,
The gloomy Horrors of that Place;
Such are the Creatures we purſue,
A Labyrinth without a Clew.
Not what they are, they wou'd appear,
Unblemiſh'd Saints, all-ſeeming Fair.
As to the Sun, the fragrant Roſe
Does wide unfolding there diſcloſe,
Devouring Worms that wildly prey,
O'er all their Charms, which ſoon decay;
With fading Luſtre bow their Head,
And ſink into the genial Bed.
Theſe once, like you, cou'd gratify,
And with their Beauty charm the Eye:
But Beauty is a tranſient Bleſſing,
Scarce worth the Trouble of poſſeſſing.
Fond of Variety, we range,
What pleas'd to Day, to Morrow change;
Seeming Perfection, all Divine,
Nature's chief Maſter-Piece, they ſhine;
All Radiant bright, as Heaven ſerene,
Or as when Peace ſmiles o'er the Main,
'Till ſudden Storms, the Calm deface,
Beauty once more is in Diſgrace;
Now diſappointed, Diſcontent,
Mad for the Toils we underwent,
Fraught full with Fury, we retreat,
Curſe the Deceivers, and the Cheat.
Thus ſome new Piece *Apelles* drew,
Firſt bold, and glaring to the View;
Whilſt yet unconſcious of a Fault,
(Sure never was ſo fair a Draught)
He cons it over with Surprize,
Calls all its Beauties to his Eyes,
There ſpies a Flaw, and flings aſide,
At once his Picture; and his Pride.

F I N I S.